Bears all down with her brain; and this her son Cannot take two from twenty for his heart, And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess, Thou divine Imogen., what thou endar'st! Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd; A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer, Mere hateful than the foul expulsion is Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act Of the divorce he'd make ! The heavens hold firm The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand, To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!

[Exit.

SCENE II. A Bed-chamber ; in one Part of it a Trunk.

*IMOGEN reading in her Bed; a Lady attending**

IMO. Who's there ? my woman Helen ?

LADY. Please you, madam.

IMO. What hour is it ?

LADY. Almost midnight^ madam-

IMO. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:
Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed ;
Take not away the taper, leave it burning ;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock?
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[Exit Lady.

To your protection I commend me, gods !
From fairies, and the tempters of the night [6]
Guard me, beseech ye !

*[Sleeps. IACHIMO, from the Trunk**

[6] From fairies, and the tempters of the night,] Banquo, in Macbeth, has already deprecated the same nocturnal evils :